BROWN BEER:

11630. c. 7
6

A

POEM.

Beneath the leafleſs Buſh I ſhiv'ring ſtood,
There from the Primmer pick'd the living Food;
No Schoolman taught my Principles to ſtray,
But Heaven gave all that I enjoy To-day;
Save but the ſacred Bounties of the Dead,
Who left enlight'ning Volumes in their Stead;
Theſe I perus'd, as Heaven the Means beſtow'd,
And as my Years encreas'd my Knowledge grow'd:
'Twas by this Means my little Learning came,
And I juſt learnt enough myſelf to blame;
To dread the Power of encroaching Vice,
And know that I but fooliſhly am wiſe.

By JOHN PEAKE, Victualler,
Of Stoke-Newington.

LONDON:
Printed for the AUTHOR:
And ſold by J. WILLIAMS, over-againſt Fetter-Lane in Fleet-Street.
MDLLLXII.

A

POEM.

BRITISH MUSEUM

TO THE

READER.

SIR,

THE following lines are the production of an uneducated Muſe, therefore ſublimity of ſtyle cannot be expected; for my being born and brought up in the loweſt indigency of life, and enured to labour from my childhood, deprived me of all opportunity of ſcholaſtic learning. What little I obtained afterwards, was by the dint of application to books, and this did not begin 'till I was juſt ſtepping into the ſtage of manhood: therefore I preſuade myſelf you will excuſe the meanneſs of expreſſion, and impropriety of junction, of the different paſſages.

Far

Far be it from me to throw the leaſt reflection on the wiſdom of that auguſt aſſembly that repreſents the whole people of this opulent and flouriſhing nation; but having a copious knowledge, by experience, of the heavy burdens the poor in general are obliged to ſupport, induced me to throw my mite into the public balance, that if by any means I might contribute to alleviate the preſſure, and ſhew the reaſonableneſs of their complainings; and if hereby I ſhould be any ways inſtrumental to the leſſening their groanings, and prevent in any degree a heavier price falling on their refreſhments of life, farther than what is abſolutely neceſſary, I ſhall hereby accompliſh my deſign, and reſt, with the utmoſt ſatisfaction,

Their ſincere friend,

Stoke Newington,
Feb. 1, 1762.

And well-wiſher,

JOHN PEAKE.

BROWN BEER, &c.

PROLIFIC Muſe, advent'rous now begin,
And bring to birth thy lab'ring phraſe within;
Anxious to good—thy progeny prolong,
In tuneful verſe, and well-deſigning ſong;
But as thou can'ſt no juſt dimenſions draw
To guide the Great, or to direct the Law,
No ſuch-like theme ſupport along the line,
Nor ſing the miſchief of the mid-night wine:
With BEER let us grow mellow, briſk, and brave,
And ſtruggle with the poor, the poor to ſave;
Laugh where we may, thro' all induſtrous ſtrife,
For pleaſures animate the toils of life.
Together let us go, from trade to trade,
Ride on the box, or in the mire wade;
Turn duſtman, cinder-wench, or any thing,
So we but ſerve the poor, and ſerve the King:

Then here begin thy long laborious verſe,
And their much more laborious toils rehearſe.
Lo, to Londonia's port, with vigour ſtrong,
Come the promiſcuous, the laborious throng,
From various climes, to various toils inclin'd,
That prop the pinnacles of proud mankind.
The inland ſwain from eaſier labour ſtroles,
Prompt by more gain, to heave the dufty coals;
Rich Thames beſtows the much defir'd employ,
And heaps his mind with the induſtrous joy:
Here ſtout beneath the pond'rous ſack he reels,
Whilſt every nerve the irkſom preſſure feels;
Whereby at length his ſtruggling ſtrength decays,
And willing nature juſt complaint obeys;
Slow ſhort'ning ſteps denote declining power,
And ſpeak impatient for the meal-time hour;
His reeking brows for warm relief declare,
And meet their juſt demand in bounteous Beer.
Straight moves the cart, the carman, and the load,
And the loud whip demands an op'ning road;

The ſteeds recline, and vig'rous 'tempt the hill,
Whilſt his bold ſhoulder helps the dang'rous wheel;
The ſtrength'ning draught promotes his willing might,
And the rough toil reigns but in fierce delight.
The ſummit gain'd, he farther ſtill retires
To animate my lord's luxurious fires:
Arriv'd, he ſtops, whilſt his attending mate
Rings the ſhrill bell, or thunders at the gate:
A ſhort delay detains the weighty load,
Till one kind draught roles into life's abode;
Then to their taſk, to ſtow the future fire,
One's underneath, one here, another higher:
This bold above, while that beſtows his back,
Stout to receive the full deſcending ſack;
But careful of his mate that waits below,
His friendly accents wing'd with warning flow;
With lofty voice, *Below*, aloud he calls,
Then thro' the pavement pours the rattl'ing coals.
Ye happier mortals liſten now to know,
What he that trims is doom'd to undergo.

The

The riſing coal-heap ſoon attempts the ſtreet,
And ſoon denies the happier uſe of feet;
Prone on his belly he extended lies,
Then groans his fate, and rubs his ſmarting eyes;
His lips grow dry, his lab'ring tongue within
Toils for relief, and licks the ſulphur in:
Faint, he deſerts the foul encavern'd air,
To beg a cooling drop of minor beer;
But 'tis too ſmall, it ſhakes his very life,
And Porter muſt renew his dying ſtrife;
Call up his ſtrength, his drooping ſpirits back,
Glow in his nerves, and grant the living ſmack.

Now let us go to draw ſerener breath,
And quit thoſe gloomy riches of the earth;
Then big with blooming phraſe, for future ſong,
Burſt into rhime, and lead the lines along.
Behold the coachman, pincht with freezing cold,
Drop into pray'r, and loſe his language bold;

His

His ſtooping hat extends its ſuppliant force
To crave a pint from your ſuperior purſe;
His quiv'ring lips moan thro' the froſty air,
To back his claim beyond his legal fare:
The favour gain'd, his thanks attend your ears,
And all the man full ſatisfaction wears:
The twirling whip bids you regard your eyes,
Then roles your goodneſs thro' the vocal ſkies.
Bleſt into warmth, again he dares the ſtreet,
Joy wings his ſpeed, and rapture ſhakes his feet;
The ſtand regain'd, he ſcorns December's frown,
But marks the anxious hurry of the town:
If tempeſts riſe, and calmer ſkies deform,
He plies your call, and bears you thro' the ſtorm,
Safe to your home, or bus'neſs, bends his way,
Till night compleats your work, or hides the day.
Perchance the wealthy fill the nightly ball,
He gladly hears the footman's eager call;
Rapt into ſpeed, he ſpreads the croſſing crowd,
And at the door obtains his pompous load.

Briſk to his taſk, he whips the nether ſkies,
Then thro' the ſtreets his furious hurry plies;
Arriv'd, and ſafe, where the briſk dance reſides,
His plaintive pray'r thro' plaintive organs glides;
The gen'rous pence then force his willing ſtay,
Nor growls he at the tedious long delay.

Now, humble Muſe, reduce thyſelf to dirt,
And ſing the night-man, or his nightly cart:
Propt up by Beer, to uſeful courage bold,
His willing hands the needful taſk unfold;
Pleas'd, to his jobb, he dares the nauſious toil,
To heave aloft the long impriſon'd ſoil;
Amidſt the ſtench, how low he ventures down,
And to preſerve our health he riſques his own.
Say, muſt he ſpend the more extended groat,
To waſh the poiſon from his tainted throat?
Which three-pence *well* has done, in prior times ——
Oh! hear, ye Patriots, and regard my rhimes.

Énervate Muſe, new trim thy dirty ſtile,
Then ſing how Vulcan's ſons endure to broil;
Behold them (e'er the morning ſweeps the ſkies,
Or riot's fire in the parlour dies)
Aſſert their taſk, their clutt'ring thunders ſpreads,
And wake the lazy lumber off the bed:
Their bellows now, like furious Ætna, roar,
And drops, impetuous, down their fore-heads pour:
Hah! goes the groan, yet blends a willing ſmile,
Grins with delight, or ſings amidſt the toil:
Pleas'd, they aloft the ſkilful weapons rear,
Preſs the hard ſtroke, and ſplit the trembling air;
The couchant bar accepts the fierce debate,
Compliant yields, and owns a uſeful ſtate:
A pauſe enſues, mean while their fault'ring tongues
Loſe all their muſic, and forget their ſongs;
The weary hammers tumble to the ground,
And from your ear crawls the expiring ſound.
Then rich ripe Porter, born of Britiſh ſoil,
Renews their ſtrength, and ſoon renews their toil;

The anvil rings, the ſounds again begin,
Fierce fly the ſparks, and lofty roles the din.

Muſe, grow in heat, and warmer numbers twine,
And ſing the artiſt that enwraps our wine:
See how he ventures near the cavern'd hole,
Till the nice matter grows a liquid cole;
Then ſtrains his breath to bid the bottle ſwell,
And lives in heat that fierce reſembles hell:
His livid looks tell how his life perſpires,
How heat intenſe deſolves his vital fires;
Abrupt ſhall ſmaller liquor kill his ſtrife,
And put an end to his † *vaſt* uſeful life?

Here let us reſt, then riſe in cooler verſe,
Burſt into ſong, and merrier toils rehearſe:
See Celia on the cinder-mountain riſe,
And heave the pot as if ſhe'd prop the ſkies;

† Alluding to the making of glaſs for windows.

Rapt with the juice, not all the pride of dreſs
Can reign ſuperior to her happineſs:
And flush'd with Beer, behold the cobler ſing,
See, † *Wiſh* is now a ſtateſman, now a king;
Breaks into politics, and rules the ſtate,
Roles all at once into a potentate;
At leaſt his ſoul diſdains the mean rebuke,
To be eſteem'd inferior to a duke:
Beer-magnify'd, and ſelf-ſublim'd in ſenſe,
He ſpends the totes, and circulates the pence:
Its uſe immenſe does here perpetual riſe,
Or in the ſtall, or dwellings next the ſkies;
The peopled garrets all partake the joy
Of this vaſt helper of their vaſt employ.

Now mark the man that plies the trading oar,
And rows the public thwart from ſhore to ſhore;
Can he reſiſt the ſharp inclement air,
Then bluſh with joy at over-water'd Beer?

† A famous cobler of Stoke Newington.

Next view the ſailors, but advance no ſlam,
And tho' thou learn to ſwear, with caution d——n;
Bleſt with a ſafe return, and bleſt with ſpoil,
Reſtor'd, and happy, to their native ſoil:
See them promiſcuous in St. Cath'rine's meet,
There toaſt, in Beer, the government and fleet;
Each truncheon grows an admiral at once,
And calls —— a d——n'd deſigning dunce;
Then drubs the Spaniards, ranſacks all the French ——
Then glote their eyes on the delicious drench;
Bleſt by its force, they brook no mean controul,
But challenge ev'ry foe from pole to pole;
Then ſwear by ——, 'twas manufactur'd here,
And d——n their b——s that ever rais'd the Beer.

O, furious Muſe, let theſe good fellows roar,
For when they've ſpent their coin they'll ſail for more;
Re-volunteer the dangers of the main,
While we draw Booze from our luxurious grain:

While the proud ſwain induſtrous breaks the clod,
And hymns his joy to the reſounding wood;
Charm'd with the ſong, the trav'ller gazing ſtands,
And leads his ſight o'er the expanded lands;
Smiles at the ſcene, and in embrio ſees
The firſt great fountain of our labour's eaſe.
Ah! Muſe, return, nor let the fields prolong
The lab'ring lyric of thy painful ſong;
Go take a view where fortune rides in ſtate,
For pity, ſometimes, lives amongſt the great.

Here liſt to martial life a private man,
Then bid him tamely grant it if he can,
Another ſixth from his contracted pay,
That is already crib'd another way;
How will he brook it, ſhou'd it be his luck,
To live perpetual on the windy pluck?
A better morſel ought to bleſs his lips,
Tho' this, perhaps, might e'en affront a † ſkip's;

† This is not deſigned as ſatire, but to ſhew the difference of the utility of a ſoldier and that of a ſupernumerary ſwinging behind a coach.

Yet if we nicely match the pair together,
The ſoldier's worthier than the gaudy feather.

Go farther, Muſe, along the ſtately Mall,
Catch matter here, and obſervation ſwell;
Expatiate o'er the whole, but bind thy ſong,
As heretofore, to the laborious throng.
See with what ſtrength the ſtout Hibernians bear
The weight of caſh, wrapt in the pompous chair;
Mark how they ruſh along the op'ning ſtreet,
And o'er the pavement pour their rapid feet;
Stout role their ſteps with unabating ſtrides,
To where the viſit and the flambeau guides;
Here muſt they wait the friendly long delay,
And at the door my lord's command obey:
Now ſteam their brows, bedew'd by willing heat,
Or guſhing brine roles down in ſhow'ry ſweat;
Relief they want, relief they ſoon obtain,
From the delicious rill that ſtreams from grain:

Happy

Happy they wait his lordſhip's late return,
Glow e'en in cold, and its fierce rigour ſcorn:
Nor they alone—Lo, honeſt Taffy reek,
And humble to the pot the tow'ring leek:
Alike Old-England's ſons partake the joy,
At each long period of that grand employ.
But ah! what groanings now our ears ſurround,
From all that ſcrape for bread along the ground;
All ſeem to fear the preſſure of the tax,
Who uſe the trowel, or who heave the ax;
Who toil for ſoot; who paint the ſtately room;
Who feed the oven, and who line the loom;
Not one is found throughout the drudging ſtate,
That don't lament their preſent future fate.

Now tell me, you, that cut good beef and ſuet,
If Beer admits no gain, will Brewers brew it?
Or will your ſteaks conſume the uſual *ſalt*,
And draw the old conſumption on the *malt*?

But *ſome* exclaim, that luxury is bad,
Now, ſay, what ſhou'd we do if ſhe was dead?
The conſequence ſo obvious does appear,
It needs but little definition here;
The poor may ſpend the † wages of their toil,
For if they all grow rich, who'll till the ſoil?
Some diff'rence muſt ſubſiſt among mankind,
By which all int'reſt is compleatly join'd;
And who extravagance ſo much diſclaim,
Miſs the great end of nature's wondrous aim:
From meaneſt labour riches always flow,
And prop up pride that hardly looks below;
Yet is this pride of uſe, well underſtood,
And partial luxury is gen'ral good;
Extravagance, tho' in a thoughtleſs clown,
Helps buy the jewels that adorn a crown:
The carving of your houſe (allow the phraſe)
Is of ſmall uſe, yet it attends your praiſe:

† I hope none will be ſo weak as to ſuppoſe I would here inſinuate, that it is proper for the poor to ſpend all their earning in a public-houſe, but that, by their laying out the gain accruing from their labour, in the common refreſhments of life, puts them under the uſeful neceſſity of going to work again.

All

All help to ſet the willing hand to work,
Or why ſuch length of linnen bind a Turk?
My lady's hoop ſeems to reſent the chair,
Yet for our good let her in robes appear;
My lord's long ſword divides the gaping crowd,
And phyſic of his bulky wig is proud;
All occupations ſhare a uſeful pride,
Who trudge in dirt, or who more eaſy ride:
The greedy miſer has his gilded cane,
And grins at Chloe with a look prophane;
Rapt into miſchief by the Syren ſmile,
His growling purſe ſupports the ſweating toil:
The footman ſtruts in varigated dreſs,
With powder'd ſkull, brimful of emptineſs;
Yet does he anſwer ſome peculiar end,
He waits your pleaſure, or attends your friend:
Hence then 'tis plain, the diff'rence is ſo nice,
'Tis hard to know the virtue from the vice;
But if extravagance to ill ſhou'd tend,
Let juſtice riſe, and ſtop the flying friend;

The legiſlator take the thing in hand,
And regulate the conduct of the land.

If, 'tis reply'd, the Brewers grow too rich,
What then——ſhall they the poor of more bewitch?
Or ſhall they cruſh the drudging viet'ller down,
Who feels already the too weighty frown?
No, let us live——ye gen'rous patriots, here,
Nor let us be compell'd to raiſe our BEER.

11 7 49

FINIS.